

INTESTINE WARFARE IN THE KINGSMILL (GILBERT ISLANDS) GROUP.

In February of last year the schooner Julia under command of Captain Holland, while returning some labor from these islands to their homes, landed on Nonute or Sydenham Island between 30 and 40 natives belonging to the island of Apiang. This was done by Captain Holland at the request of the natives of Nonute who wished their Apiang friends to remain with them for a while.

Amongst these people were two, Paulo (formerly in Mr. Bingham's employ here) and Kalakoa who began to act as missionaries to the rest of the people. Their teachings were objected to by one Chipi who declared their religion to be not up to the standard of his church, and these two had a row which ended in Chipi leaving the island. Soon after he left, Paulo and Kalakoa abandoned their good habits and commenced drinking sour "toddy," the people following their example. Soon the people of the district of Rotoma, upon the north point of the island began to accuse Kalakoa of having sent a messenger to King Timbenuku of Kuria (an island of the group to the W and N) asking him to come and take the island. This Kalakoa denied and threatened to shoot his accusers.

Kalakoa had with him a runaway Hawaiian, formerly a soldier in the King's service here, and upon Kalakoa's appealing to the people of the district of Tabiak—where he was living—they promised to help him fight the Rotoma people if the Hawaiian who was mentioned would drill them in the use of arms.

In July 1883, while this Hawaiian was showing the people the working of a breech-loading rifle it went off, shooting three persons, but as it was an accident nothing was done about it.

In August the people of Tabiak took Kalakoa with them to be formally "introduced" to the "big houses" in each village. This is a custom prevalent throughout the whole group. The stranger is introduced into the great Council House that stands in each village, and if the chief or, failing him the "old men" of the village allow the stranger to sit in the Council house, he may consider himself a *kaamaina*, free to come and go as he sees fit. Should, however, the Council house be closed against him he had better take care of himself and not go into the district that has rejected him any more than he can help.

In this case Kalakoa was well received in all the districts: As is the custom a present was made him in each district of coconuts—in one place 15,000, in another 4,000, 2,000 in another, and so on—until he had quite a little pile, the sale of the dried meat from which ("coprah") set him up in life.

As soon as Kalakoa and his friends had returned to their own district and settled down, the people of the district of Rotoma took a friend they had with them—a native of the island of Peru—and carried him around to "introduce" him as Kalakoa had been. This they did until they came to the Tabiak district, where they found the council-house, nuts, pandanus, fruit and fresh water tabued. This, of course, irritated the Rotoma people; they went back to their village and hired the runaway Hawaiian to drill them as an "army."

While this was going on, the people of the whole island had broken out in excesses of all kinds, and, as my informant expressed it, "the island went back five years in a month." There was promiscuous drinking and dancing, Paulo and Kalakoa joining in with the rest. This continued up to the 15th of October, when Kalakoa had a dispute with a white trader's wife (a native woman), about some money, and finally insulted her by tearing off her clothes. Her relations and friends resented Kalakoa's action when he took his rifle, a 16-shooter, and in the melee blew off the top of one man's head and shot another through the heart. He then called the people he had been drilling to his help and was protected by them until the "old men" in the district decided that he should be treated as a native of Nonute and be permitted to go into "Sanctuary."

(This "taking sanctuary" is a very ancient custom amongst the Gilbert Islanders analogous to the seeking by

the Hawaiians of their "cities of refuge.") In case an islander gets into any trouble and dreads the vengeance of any of his fellow islanders, he goes to the Council House in his village and remains there in safety, no matter what he may have done, until the "old men" of his village have investigated the matter and decided upon what shall be done in the case.) In the case of Kalakoa, four pieces of land were offered by the Tabiak people (K's friends) to the people of the district in which the men who had been killed formerly lived. The offer was not accepted, the land not being considered good enough, and Kalakoa remained in the sanctuary. Trouble arose in some of the districts of the island in consequence of the return of the people to their old habits, and it culminated in the Rotumah people sending for Kalakoa, taking him out of sanctuary, and placing him at the head of those whom the Hawaiian had previously been drilling. He had divided his force into two companies, heading one himself and giving the other to the Hawaiian. They encountered the Tabiak force and commenced skirmishing, but owing to the intervention of a white trader on the islands, the forces separated and agreed to refer the quarrel to the "old men." After considerable discussion it was agreed that Kalakoa should deposit his arms in the Council House, and join the Church. This was done, but after a few days he got drunk again and commenced another disturbance. Upon this about 2,000 people from the northern part of the island came down upon the Rotumah people, resolved to kill Kalakoa and thus get rid of the cause of all their trouble. The fighting that took place there was very severe and characterized by a degree of ferocity that showed that the savage nature of these people had been but little changed by their intercourse with the outside world. Kalakoa's forces raided to and fro throughout the island killing and wounding many, making slaves, (and worse) of the girls and boys, and finally proclaimed himself King of the island and received tribute from many who were afraid of him. He seized all the coconuts he could find and finally made a huge raft of about 500,000 of them which he took with him to the central village. The white trader I have mentioned, (Mr. Gleeson) protected some 2,000 women and children by allowing them to take refuge in and about his dwelling and yard, and for some days these poor creatures were in a state of intense alarm and great misery, it being difficult to procure for them any food. Their condition will be better understood if it is borne in mind that in seasons of the greatest plenty and most profound peace they have the coconut, pandanus and fish only on which to live.

While this fighting was going on, some of the people from the north end of the island had taken to their canoes and found their way to the island of Kuria, a short distance to the westward, and had there applied to the King, Timbenuku, to come to their relief. This King, who then reigned over four islands, and who, in many respects, is a second Kamehameha I., chartered the English schooner Kate McGregor, Captain Hayward, to carry him and about 150 soldiers to Nanute where they arrived early in December.

Anchoring off the island, Timbenuku ordered his troops to go ashore, attack the force of Kalakoa, defeat them, kill their leader, and when this was accomplished to let him know it was done by placing the body in one of the houses within sight and to burn it up. As he was accustomed to being obeyed, his orders were carried out and in a short time the signal was given. In order then to complete the work his soldiers were ordered to raid throughout the island and terrorize the people. A large number sought refuge on board of the Kate McGregor and were received by Timbenuku as captives.

The Mr. Gleeson spoken of visited the King on the vessel and persuaded him to stop the soldiers from further acts of cruelty, which being done, Timbenuku proclaimed himself King of the island.

The people quietly submitted themselves to his authority, being heartily tired of fighting, and King Timbenuku appointed a Governor to act for him and went back to Kuria, taking with him about 100 of the Nonute people.

The whole of the Apiang people who had been landed on the island were killed off, and at the time of my visit everything was quiet. It was not a pleasant sight though, to see the blackened remains of more than one village nor was it pleasant to listen to the stories of cruelties practiced, or to see the maimed victims of the late war.

No blame whatever can be attached to any one for landing returned labor on other islands of the Kingsmill Group than those from which they are taken, when, as in this case, the people are invited to visit residents. It will be seen that the troubles I have given a sketch of, arose in consequence of the ill acts of one or two men. Had these men not been armed as they were that trouble would not have grown into the really sanguinary war that finally resulted in the seizure of the island by the most powerful chief in the group, King Timbenuku.

UNDERGROUND TELEPHONE WIRES.

In an article in a late issue of the *Popular Science Monthly*, by Dr. W. W. Jacques, the author says: "The American Bell Telephone Company has recently constructed two short lines of underground wires in the business section of Boston, and these give us excellent data from which to judge the extent of technical practicability and the expense of putting all wires underground. We have seen that in Paris the retardation and induction are both obviated by the use of double and twisted wires in metallic circuit; it is necessary that all the wires be in metallic circuit; for, if a metallic circuit be connected with a single line circuit, the disturbances are not removed. If a subscriber in one city wishes to talk with a subscriber in a neighboring city, both cities must have metallic circuit systems and metallic circuits between the two cities. As the two lines in Boston are short, only about one-quarter of a mile each, it was deemed best to use single line circuits, hoping that the induction and retardation on so short lines would not be serious. The system is constructed as follows: Eight wrought iron pipes, three inches in diameter, are laid side by side in two rows about four feet below the surface. At each street corner is built a brick chamber, large enough to admit a man, and with a cover flush with the street. The cables, of which several kinds are in use, run out from the basement of the central office through these pipes and up the side of buildings to roofs from which they spread out to subscribers by means of ordinary overhead lines. Conversation over these lines is not so easily carried on as by means of overhead wires, and it is frequently possible to overhear other conversation. This prohibits further extension of the single wire system underground, for technical reasons. The cost of the piping and chambers is, in round numbers \$50,000 a mile, and these pipes are intended to accommodate one thousand wires. The cost of the cables is from \$60 to \$150 a mile for each circuit, according to the kind of cable used. In round numbers, we may estimate the total cost for one thousand wires at \$150,000 a mile, or \$150 a mile per circuit. The cost for piping and chambers would be nearly as great for one hundred circuits as for one thousand, as the cost of chambers and the labor of excavating and filling would be the same; so that the cost for one hundred wires may be estimated at \$50,000 a mile, or \$500 a mile per conductor. The cost per conductor thus increases enormously as the number of conductors diminishes, so that it would be clearly impossible to follow out the wires of an exchange system in all of their bifurcations."

AN HONEST VERDICT.

A man had met a girl in a lonely place and forcibly kissed her. She was terribly indignant and had him arrested. She gave an account on the witness stand of how he gazed at her intently, and then suddenly throwing his arms around her imprinted a kiss upon her lips. The prisoner made no defence and the jury was expected to promptly convict him of assault. They returned to the court room. "The jury-jury w-w-would like to ask the young lady two questions," the foreman said. The Judge consented and she went on the stand. "D-d-did you wear the j-j-jersey that you've g-g-got on now?" "Yes, sir," was the demure reply. "And w-w-was your ha-ha-hair b-b-banged like that?" "Yes, sir." "Then, Your Honor, we acquit the prisoner on the ground of emotional insanity."—S. F. Post.

A lawyer's little son was asked, "What became of bad men?" He replied, "They come to my papa to help them."

THE STORY-TELLER.

THE BURGLAR'S STORY.

When I became eighteen years of age, my father, a distinguished begging-letter impostor, said to me—'Reginald, I think it is time that you began to think about choosing a profession.' These were ominous words. Since I left Eton, nearly a year before, I had spent my time very pleasantly, and very idly, and I was sorry to see my long holiday drawing to a close. My father had hoped to have sent me to Cambridge, but business had been very depressed of late, and a sentence of six months' hard labor had considerably straitened my poor father's resources. It was necessary—highly necessary—that I should choose a calling. With a sigh of resignation I admitted as much, and finally intimated that I should like to be a burglar.

'Yes,' said my father, considering the subject; 'yes, it's a fine manly profession, but it's dangerous, highly dangerous.'

'Just dangerous enough to be exciting, no more.'

'Well,' said my father, 'if you've a distinct taste for burglary, I'll see what can be done.'

My dear father was always prompt with pen and ink. That evening he wrote to his old friend, Ferdinand Stoneleigh, a burglar of the very highest professional standing, and in a week I was duly and formally articulated to him, with a view to ultimate partnership.

I had to work hard under Mr. Stoneleigh. 'Burglary is a jealous mistress,' said he; 'she will tolerate no rivals. She exacts the undivided devotion of her worshippers.'

And so I found it. Every morning at ten o'clock I had to present myself at Stoneleigh's chambers in New Square, Lincoln's Inn, and until twelve I assisted his clerk with the correspondence. At twelve I had to go out prospecting with Stoneleigh, and from two to four I had to devote to finding out all particulars necessary to a scientific burglar in any given house. At first I did this merely for practice, and with no view to an actual attempt. He would tell me off to a house of which he knew all the particulars, and ordered me to ascertain all about that house and its inmates—their coming and going, the number of their servants, whether any of them were men, and if so, whether they slept on the basement or not, and other details necessary to be known before a burglary could be safely attempted. Then he would compare my information with his own facts, and compliment or blame me, as I might deserve. He was a strict master, but always kind, just, and courteous, as became a highly-polished gentleman of the old school. He was one of the last men who habitually wore Hessians.

After a year's probation, I accompanied him on several expeditions, and had the happiness to believe that I was of some little use to him. I shot him eventually in the stomach, mistaking him for the master of the house into which we were breaking (I had mislaid my dark lantern), and he died on the grand piano. His dying wish was that his compliments might be conveyed to me. I now set up on my own account and engaged his poor old clerk, who nearly broke his heart at his late master's funeral. Stoneleigh left no family. His money about £12,000, invested for the most part in American railways—he left to the Society for Providing More Bishops, and his ledgers, daybooks, memoranda, and papers generally he bequeathed to me. As the chambers required furnishing, I lost no time in commencing my professional duties. I looked through his books for a suitable house to begin upon, and found the following attractive entry:—

Thurloe-square.—No. 102.
House.—Medium.
Occupant.—John Davis, bachelor.
Occupation.—Designer of Dados.
Age.—86.
Physical Peculiarities.—Very feeble, eccentric; drinks; Evangelical; snores.
Servants.—Two housemaids, one cook.
Sex.—All female.
Particulars of Servants.—Pretty housemaid called Rachel, Jewess. Open to attentions. Goes

out for beer at 9 p.m.; snores.—Ugly housemaid called Bella; Presbyterian. Open to attentions; snores.—Elderly cook; Primitive Methodist. Open to attentions; snores.

Fastenings.—Chubb's lock on street door, chain and bolts. Bars at all basement windows. Practicable approach from third room, ground floor, which is shuttered and barred, but bar has no catch, and can be raised with table knife.

Valuable contents of House.—Presentation plate from grateful aesthetes. Gold repeater. Muddled envelope. Two diamond rings. Complete edition of "Bradshaw," from 1834 to present time, 588 vols., bound limp-calf.

General.—Mr. Davis sleeps second floor front; servants on third floor. Davis goes to bed at 10. No one on basement. Swarms with beetles; otherwise excellent house for purpose.

This seemed to me to be a capital house to try single-handed. At 12 o'clock that very night I pocketed two crowbars, a bunch of skeleton keys, a centrebit, a dark lantern, a box of silent matches, some putty, a life preserver, and a knife, and I set off at once for Thurloe square. I remember that it snowed heavily. There was at least a foot of snow on the ground, and there was more to come.

Poor Stoneleigh's particulars were exact in every detail. I got into the third room on the ground floor without the least difficulty, and made my way into the dining-room. There was the presentation plate, sure enough—about 800 ounces, as I reckoned. I collected this and tied it up so that I could carry it without attracting attention.

Just as I finished I heard a slight cough behind me. I turned and saw a dear old silver-haired gentleman in a dressing-gown standing in the doorway. The venerable gentleman covered me with a revolver. My first impulse was to rush and brain him with my life preserver.

'Don't move,' said he, or you are a dead man.'

A rather silly remark to the effect that if I did move it would rather prove that I was a live man occurred to me, but I dismissed it at once as unsuited to the business character of the interview.

'You're a burglar?' said he.

'I have the honor,' said I, making for my pistol-pocket.

'Don't move,' said he; 'I have often wished to have the pleasure of encountering a burglar in order to be able to test a favorite theory of mine as to how persons of that class should be dealt with. But you mustn't move.'

I replied that I should be happy to assist him if I could do so consistently with a due regard to my own safety.

'Promise me,' said I, 'that you will allow me to leave the house unmolested when your experiment is at an end.'

'If you will obey me promptly you shall be at perfect liberty to leave the house.'

'You will neither give me into custody, nor take any steps to pursue me.'

'On my honor, as a designer of dados,' said he.

'Good,' said I, 'go on.'

'Stand up,' said he, 'and stretch out your arms at right angles to your body.'

'Suppose I don't?' said I.

'I send a bullet through your left ear,' said he.

'But permit me to observe—,' said I. Bang! A ball cut off the lobe of my left ear. The ear smarted, and I should have liked to have attended to it, but under the circumstances I thought it better to comply with the whimsical old gentleman's wishes.

'Very good!' said he; 'now do as I tell you, promptly and without a moment's hesitation, or I cut off the lobe of your right ear. Throw me that life preserver.'

'But—'

'Ah, would you?' said he, cocking the revolver.

The 'click' decided me. Besides, the old gentleman's eccentricity amused me, and I was curious to see how far it would carry him. So I tossed my life preserver to him. He caught it neatly.